

The second part of

My Lord Northumberland wil soone be coold.

King. O God that one might reade the booke of fate,
And see the reuolution of the times,
Make mountaines leuell, and the continent
Weary of solide firmenesse melt it selfe
Into the sea, and other times to see,
The beachie girdle of the ocean,
Too wide for Neptunes hips, how chances mockes,
And changes fill the cup of alteration,
With diuers liquors! O if this were seene,
The happiest youth viewing his progresse through,
What perills past, what crosses to ensue?
Would shut the booke and sit him downe and die:
Tis not ten yeeres gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland great friends,
Did feast together, and in two yeare after
Were they at warres: it is but eight yeares since,
This Percie was the man neerest my soule,
Who like a brother toyld in my affaires,
And laied his loue and life vnder my foote,
Yea for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard,
Gaued him defyanee: but which of you was by?
You cousen Neuel, (as I may remember)
When Richard with his eye-brimme full of teares,
Then checkt and rated by Northumberland,
Did speake these wordes now proou'd a prophesie:
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousen Bolingbrooke ascends my throne,
(Though then (God knowes) I had no such intent,
But that necessitie so bowed the state,
That I and greatnesse were compeld to kisse.)
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time wil come, that foule sin gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: so went on,
Fortelling this same times condition,

And

Henry the fourth.

And the deuision of our amitie.

War. There is a historie in all mens liues,
Figuring the natures of the times decaist:
The which obseru'd, a man may prophesie,
With a neere ayme of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to life, who in their seedes,
And weake beginning lie intreaured:
Such thinges become the hatch and broode of time,
And by the necessary forme of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guesse,
That great Northumberland then falle to him,
Would of that seede growe to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not find a ground to roote vpon
Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these thinges then necessities,
Then let vs meet them like necessities,
And that same word euen now cries out on vs:
They say the Bishop and Northumberland,
Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be my Lord,
Rumour doth double like the voice, and eccho
The numbers of the feared, please it your grace,
To go to bedde: vpon my soule, my Lord,
The Powers that you already haue sent forth,
Shall bring this prise in very easly:
To comfort you the more, I haue receiued,
A certain instance that Glendour is dead:
Your Maiestie hath beene this fortnight ill,
And these vnseasoned howers perforce must adde
Vnto your sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile,
And were these inward warres once out of hand,
We would (deare Lords) vnto the holy land.

*Enter Iustice Shallow, and Iustice
Silence.*

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Shal.